A Splendid Wreck

And Other Poems.

E. M. Wood.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

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E. M. Wood.

A Splendid Wreck

AND OTHER POEMS.

ILLUSTRATED.

BY

REV. E. M. WOOD, A. M., D. D.,

Professor of Natural and Moral Science and Rhetoric in Curry University, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings and skim away.—*Tennyson.*

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THE AUTHOR'S WORKS.

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. . .

Cyclopedia of Methodism.
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A Splendid Wreck and Other Poems.

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Romantic History and Mission of Music.
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. . .

Parlor Conversations With Our Young People.
(Ready for Press.)

TO MY

MANY FRIENDS,

ESPECIALLY THOSE WHERE I HAVE LIVED AND LABORED,

IS THIS LITTLE VOLUME

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

—⊙—

THE lines on the following pages were written on occasions widely different, and the spirit which prompted the writer on those occasions was also very different.

Now it is patriotism, then it is religion; now it is friendship, then it is filial love, and at all times we trust it was a good spirit.

It may be our fault, and if so we here make the confession, that we are not in love with that kind of poetry which seeks to shroud the sense in poetical drapery for the purpose of seeming to be poetical, therefore the stanzas will be found to be plain, and for the most part the sense conspicuous.

We have derived it from the ancient Greek literature that every creation of the imagination, irrespective of its form, verse or prose, literature or art, sculpture or painting, was called poetic. This conception prevails now in Continental Europe.

In English literature, however, it has obtained, or is rapidly obtaining, that poetry proper is confined to literature, and to that form known as verse, and we believe this will be the ruling idea as the English language becomes dominant. We believe with Aristotle, that poetry is an imitation, the things imi-

tated being the actions and passions of men. But certainly this is not an absolute limit to legitimate poetry. Of course, if we were speaking like the half-insane Hamlet in the presence of the ghost, we would write as did Shakspeare, in a style hard to be understood. But we have chosen no topic like this.

The standard poems of this day are such as that the sense is clear, the rythm musical, and the imagery luminous. And we are not vain enough to hope even that we have in all cases reached this perfection.

And while some of these poems have already appeared in print, and we gratefully say have always been commended, yet we did not think until lately of having them published together.

However, at the suggestion of many friends, this is now done, and this little book is sent out with the fond hope that it may stimulate some persons at least to higher usefulness and richer pleasures.

E. M. W.

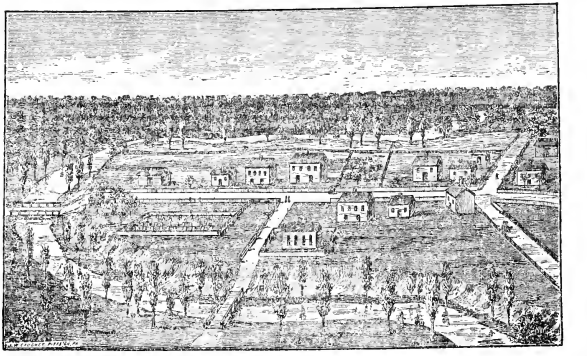
PITTSBURGH, MAY 15, 1888.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1.	A Splendid Wreck,	9
2.	The Grand Old Man,	29
3.	Lost in the Surf,	33
4.	In the Happy Hereafter,	35
5.	The Black and Gold—A Badge,	37
6.	Bishop Simpson,	40
7.	Jesus in the Home,	46
8.	Twenty-Two,	48
9.	Take Back the Flags,	51
10.	For an Album,	54
11.	Golden Wedding,	55
12.	Two Views of Life,	57
13.	Jesus in the Temple,	60
14.	Dream Sail,	61
15.	Prince Bismarck,	66
16.	From Books to a Crown,	70
17.	The Children's Tribute,	73
18.	Thought Conflict,	75
19.	To Hymen,	77
20.	Natural Gas,	78
21.	The Glad Coming,	80
22.	Death of an Angel,	81
23.	I Have Nothing to Do,	83

CHAPTER I.

A SPLENDID WRECK.



THE HOME AND CONFLICT.

A winding river on whose banks
  Stand nodding willows tall,
Which guard and shadow all its way,
  As if a funeral pall;
The stream sweeps 'round with graceful curve,
  An isle is nearly made;
Within this bend both man and beast
  Have found refreshing shade.

The pioneer of long ago
  This favored spot descried;
So in this arc, which nature formed,
  And near the river's side

Is seen to-day a village quaint,
The houses gray and bare,
And few remain to tell the tale,
A tale of love and care.

The lowly church, in days agone,
Was thronged with men of prayer;
For miles around they weekly came
To find their solace there;
But marble slabs and hillocks green,
Just o'er the way behold;
There sleep the worshipers of yore,
The youthful and the old.

In that church-yard is sleeping one
Whose soul was twin to mine,
Whose tragic life has ne'er been sung
In poet's lofty line;
That humble slab, where rests his head,
Is vacant of his praise;
Assist me now, my faithful muse,
While heart and pen portrays.

I see him now in youthful pride,
With form erect and arched brow,
With dark-brown hair, with thin-cut lips,
All perfect you allow;
The Roman mold, the Grecian grace,
Agreed in all within;
The life as well the story told
How little was of sin.

'Twas night or day, I know not which,
The voice from heaven came,
"Go, take this sickle, bright and new,
And reap my golden grain."
With faltering voice, he thus replied;
"I have no skillful hand;
The grain is tall, the field is wide,
The reapers, Gideon's band."

As thus he spoke a maiden came,
A maiden all so fair,
And pure as fair, with blushing cheek
And wealth of flowing hair;
She won his heart and he won hers,
As each had ways so bland;
One trophy more remained for each,
To win each other's hand.

A war of duties now breaks out
In that young hero's breast,
And day and night the conflict reigns;
What is the high behest?
There is the sickle, there the hand,
Each waiting for his grasp;
To take them both he would desire,
Within his loving clasp.

His purse is small but large his heart,
Heart needs a flowing purse.
The reaper's wages they are small,
This makes the conflict worse;

'Mid western pines, on border land,
I see my loving friend;
The frightened chips leap from the notch,
The giant trees do bend,
As stroke on stroke by his strong arm
Is heard to ring so far,
While interchanging with his friends
His thoughts on peace or war.

His loyal heart is true as steel,
He dares to speak the truth;
And often in their heated words,
And in their wink, forsooth,
He sees a sign which bodes him ill;
Unless he dons the gray;
Or, warned in time, he caution heeds
And choose to flee away.

"What men are these?" I hear him say,
"These, coming through the pine!
Be friends or foes? I cannot see!
What fate shall now be mine?
As on they come, what 's that I see?
It dangles by his side!
A noose! a noose! God help to me!
Sure, evil does betide!"

"Young man," says one, "your hour is come,
And so prepare to die;
This rope is strong, and we are brave;
That limb is not too high;

"What shall I do," he asks himself,
He should have asked his God,
Himself made answer to his quest,
He yielded with a nod.

"I'll choose but one, but oh, which one?
The sickle or the maid?
No, neither one, I'd rather die!
Oh! may this hand be staid!
I'll lay me down and sleep awhile,
How long, oh who will tell?
This little vial! oh how sweet!
'Twill all my fears dispel."

"I'm not a man of low intent!
I'll spurn the coward's deed!
A better thought comes to me now,
The brave have often fled;
So, farewell sickle, maiden too,
To western wilds I'll go;
The virgin woods will love me there,
The legends tell me so."

The angry war cloud rises fast,
It portends ill to all,
And now a booming sound is heard,
It comes from fortress wall;
"Arise, ye men, protect the flag,"
The sovereign loud proclaims;
And thousands rally to the call
To fight while treason reigns.

Yet one chance more, do not delay,
And you must now decide;
Now, swear allegiance to our cause
And fight on Southern side."

"What can I do?" the young man thinks;
"What 's best as to the end?
I'll sell my life, but not to you,
My country I'll defend;
I'll own their cause, just from the lip,
But curse it in my heart,
And when the shades of night shall fall,
I'll seek a Northern part."

"Well, well, what say you now?" they ask,
"The day is growing late."
"Come near," he said, "and hear my speech,
And then decide my fate;
The South is right, their cause is just,
And to it I'll be true;
The Stars and Stripes I here forsake,
I'm now for Bonnie Blue."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the woods resound!
"Hurrah for Southern cause;
We've gained a convert to our flag,
A subject to our laws."
The gratulations passed around,
The rope was folded up,
They sealed the faith of each to each
By drinking from the cup.

"And now they've gone, and think they've won,
But I will show them soon,
Yes, soon as yonder sun is set,
And shines the full-orbed moon.
How slow the course of evening sun!
Does Joshua hold him back?
If so, O may he slack the rein,
To run the golden track."

THE DARING NIGHT-VENTURE.

"The shades are gathering, welcome night,
Good night, old forest pine!
My faithful ax lie silent there,
And now for the Union line."
With cautious tread he steals away;
The faintest sound he hears;
O Northern star! be true to him
And calm his rising fears.

As on he creeps through tangled brush,
His way is half a guess;
The watchful stars were ne'er so kind,
And almost numberless.
"What 's that! a picket out on post?
'Tis but a frightened bird;
Great God, I wish the sentry sleep
So sound that naught is heard."

"The night, how long! but what awaits
The coming of the morn?
Shall friends embrace or foes surround?
I feel almost forlorn.

But on I'll go, retreat is death;
Perhaps I'll safety find;
I stagger so! I'm getting faint;
The darkness makes me blind."

"I seem to hear some chirping sounds!
The birds! how sweet they sing?
They've caught the sign of rosy morn,
What joy to them 'twill bring.
For this sad heart and aching head,
These dull and swollen eyes,
O will there come without delay
A sweet and glad surprise?"

"I see a treeless field o'er there;
I'll crawl to that low fence;
Is that some circling bird so proud,
Against the distant sky?
I'll wipe my eyes, they're somewhat dim,
I'll see it then more clear;
O yes! no, no! O yes, tis true!
The Flag! the Flag! good cheer!

He presses on to that ensign,
The guard is safely passed,
And soon his name is on the roll,
He takes the plain repast;
He gladly wears the "navy blue,"
He's ready for the fray,
And there are signs of coming fight,
Perhaps this very day.

E'en now the awful siege begins.
The deafening cannon roar;
The dead are strewing fast the plains,
The battle will be sore;
For days the faithful soldiers stand,
The Flag, their homes defend,
They will not yield, though many fall,
'Till every ball they spend.

The food is scarce, the water gone,
The ammunition done;
No train can come, no train can go;
The foe has surely won;
One way is left, and only one;
The siege is now complete;
Run up the "White," pull down the "Stars",
Admitting their defeat.

As this was done the foe pressed on,
The barricade was crossed;
They gained the day, an awful day;
And Oh! at such a cost!
And when the troups came pouring in,
The men from Southern pine,
That man was one who held the noose
To hang that friend of mine.

They met, and face to face they stood.
Each said, "How came you here?"
My friend replied in loyal tone:
"I am a volunteer,

Though prisoner now; your flag I hate
With all my inmost soul;
To-morrow we will all be free,
Released on war parole."

Parole was signed, the soldiers part
In all their devious ways;
Some homes were near and some were far,
Requiring many days;
My brave young friend had traveled far
Towards his eastern home;
He paused at night in that gay town
Beside the river's foam.

This border town was battle-ground
Between the North and South;
My friend e'en here could not refrain,
He dared to ope his mouth;
His soul was full of freedom's cause,
'Twas burning in his bones,
And treason is a sin so great,
A crime he ne'er condones.

A stranger enters that hotel
And speaks in undertone:
"Is here a man who spurns our cause
And does it all alone?
Just down that street, this very night,
A group of men I found,
To hang some one, I heard them say,
They all with oath were bound."

My friend o'erheard the stranger's words
And said, "that must be me;
They will not care for my parole,
And so I'll too be free;"
A secret friend espoused his cause,
His guidance he did lend,
And for the Union camp they start,
Just 'round the river's bend.

The sentinel who stood as guard
Saluted, "who goes there?"
My friend replied, "a friend in need
Who seeks a soldier's fare."
"All well, pass in," the guard replied,
And this he did with thanks,
And once again he wore the blue
And stood within the ranks.

The sound of war, a wailing sound,
Is heard in every home;
And many parents sit and weep
In silence all alone;
Along the line 'tween North and South
The blaze of battle glares,
And many fall to rise no more,
But few the cannon spares.

In all these weeks, nay, all these months
Which have so slowly sped,
No tidings yet have ever come
Of that young man who fled;

That almost bride, those parents dear,
Have asked and dreamed in vain;
That sickle new is rusty now
And lying in the rain.

They know the dangers lying thick
Along that border life;
The Ku-Klux Klan they daily feared,
So deadly was the strife;
At last they sighed: "He must be dead,
For him we now will mourn,
And hope to meet him once again
In bliss beyond the bourn."

One day that hopeful mother said:
(How long a mother hopes!)
"May it not be my noble boy
Did hear the bugle's notes,
And, hastening to the battle's front,
Is now in field or camp;
Is now amid the mountain heights
Or in the valley damp?"

So army lists were canvassed o'er
Through all the South and West;
Not one of all the thousands there
Would answer the request;
So hope died out, 'twas dead indeed;
Oh, hear the parent's grief:
"We loved him well; a noble boy;
And this is our relief."

THE JOYFUL FINDING.

But so it chanced, one summer morn,
'Way down in Tennessee,
A friend of mine, who knew the lad
When he was young and free,
Was walking o'er the camping ground
With comrades from the plains,
And talking o'er the battles fought,
The losses and the gains.

A thought now startles in his brain:
"Mayhap these friends of mine
May know that lovely bosom friend,
That friend in Southern pine;"
"Have you a man of such a name
Upon your captain's roll?"
"O, yes, indeed we have," they say,
"We love him as our soul."

"Go send him o'er," my friend replied,
"And have him come so soon;
I cannot wait another night,
Nor till another noon;"
Across the camp there comes a form,
A form he scarcely knows;
It is so thin! it is so bent!
The steps are very slow.

As he draws near, he sees his face—
A face so wan and pale;
What hollow cheeks! what bony hands!
He surely is not hale;

What blistered lips! what sunken eyes!
They are of leaden dull;
Is this my friend! oh, can it be!
He seems a Yorick's skull!

He speaks to him, "Is that your name?"
He faintly answers, "Yes;
I know you well," he stronger says,
And now they both caress;
No words were said; none could be said,
All words were swamped in joy;
Their comrades wept, they wept and said:
"O love without alloy."

At last a word, just now and then;
Some words still drown in tears;
My friend inquires, he wants to know,
For he has had some fears:
"Is mother living? is she well?
Is father living, too?
God bless them, bless them still," he said,
"My love to them is true."

"I've been in battle, and in camp;
I know the soldier's fare;
For many weeks I've been near death
And in the nurse's care;
I'm better now, though very weak;
They say I can't get well;
If God will spare me you shall know,
My story I will tell."

"I'd like to reach my native home,
And die by mother's side;
I think she'd love to see her boy,
And all his faults she'll hide."
"This very day," my friend replied,
"The papers shall be signed,
And homeward you shall surely go,
On easy couch reclined."

On board the train, away it speeds,
But now it seems to lag;
It stops so oft; it stops so long;
His hope begins to flag;
But many hours have come and gone,
In this his homeward flight;
The rugged hills, his native hills,
To him appear in sight.

And now his quaint old town is seen,
That town by river's side,
Where father, mother, loved and true,
And friends so dear reside;
His heart beats high, his pulse is quick;
O, see his brightening eye!
And this is where he comes at last,
And soon expects to die.

There stands the house—the same old house—
Just as in days of yore;
The trees have grown in height, he thinks;
And there's the porch's floor

From which he stepped and said good-bye,
When mother wept so loud;
As bends the tree before the storm,
Her aged form was bowed.

"But here she comes! God bless her soul!"
She cries, "My son, my son;"
And he exclaims, "O, mother, dear!
Your prayers at last have won!"
Now words are lost, are lost in joy;
The friends who cluster 'round,
"The dead's alive!" they all proclaim,
"And sure the lost is found."

As springs the grass with April showers,
As bloom the flowers in spring,
So mother's care and mother's love,
To him new life do bring;
Fond hopes revive that this young man,
This man of might and brain,
Will live again as once he lived,
In this his loved domain.

This flush of hope soon fades away,
As melts the latter snow;
That bending form, that leadening eye,
That halting step so slow;
This is the wreck that 's come to shore
With masts and canvas down;
A wreck 'twill be despite the skill
In all that ancient town.

That maid that came to him one day
Had won another's heart;
If this were ill, or truly good,
Is not to me a part;
But this I know and will declare
For him who now is dead:
"I love her still with all my heart,"
To me he often said.

A younger maid he saw one day,
A maid of childish years;
He asked of her her tender hand,
Her heart of many fears;
She answered "yes," without reserve,
"The wedding will be soon,
And if the fates decree it so,
'Twill be this coming moon."

The marriage o'er, to church they went
When next the Sabbath came;
But oh! how changed was he to them,
In everything but name;
A vacant stare was in his eye,
It showed a mental freak;
All eyes were fixed on him that day
When he arose to speak.

The sickle now he tries to wield;
He would redeem his pledge;
His nerveless hand has lost its grip,
The rust has eat the edge;

His voice is like a broken harp;
His form, a shattered reed;
In every word, in every move,
He seems a jaded steed.

The weeks and months go dragging by,
Since life has lost its charm;
No youthful light is on that brow,
In city or on farm;
No joyous song e'er parts those lips,
No smile is on that face;
As fades the struggling light of day,
So fades his life apace.

The shadows thicken on his path,
They darken all that home;
The mother's hopes are falling fast,
The end will sooner come,
And day by day with loving heart,
And too with loving hand,
She fans that brow and feeds that life,
But fate she can't withstand.

The sands of life are running low;
This star has nearly set;
In accents faint, I hear him say,
"O, mother, dear, don't fret!
It is so sweet to die at home,
And not in Southern camp;
And now 'tis evening—getting dark;
Go bring the lighted lamp."

And is he gone—is that the last!
Will not he breathe again?
Ah, yes, 'tis o'er; he's now at rest,
And free from ache and pain;
He heard the bugle call above,
And answered to his name;
He's standing now 'mid ancient men,
And shares their spotless fame.

Now, come with me within the gate,
And see his grave so green;
With chisel let me now inscribe
Upon that tablet clean,
This tribute to his name so dear,
It comes from heart within,
The fame of that young man I loved,
The man who was my twin.

Here pause awhile around the shrine
Of him who lies below;
Methinks that from his ashes come
Some words we ought to know;
With reverence let us bow the head
In most attentive mood,
That we may catch the faintest voice,
Be thus to virtue wooed.

He speaks in low, sepulchral tone:
"My friends, who live in time,
The Sacred Word be first obeyed
In each and every line;

Between thy God and duty's call
Let nothing intervene;
Neglecting this, God's holy law,
Deep sorrow I have seen."

"Think not to fly and hide thyself
From God's and mortal's sight;
The thickest grove, the deepest grave,
Are both to Him as light;
Be near or far thy resting place,
On land or utmost sea,
Jehovah's realm doth there extend,
His hand still holdeth thee."

"As duties seem to clash at times,
Or hang in doubtful scale;
And mist and doubt shall gather 'round,
Do not thyself bewail;
Let one sharp glance go through the fog,
And see the highest ground,
Upon that rock go plant thy feet,
There be forever found."

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

CHAPTER II.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN."

DEDICATED TO HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

As surges crowd the ocean shore;
  As bank the clouds in summer sky;
So press the throng behind, before,
  And rend the air with wildest cry.

The Grand Old Man, the freeman's pride,
  Is passing by to halls of state;
And thither rush the human tide,
  To hear what may be Erin's fate.

And as the light of rosy morn
  Awakes the birds in joyful Spring,
So now this son of true reform
  Makes all those high-sprung arches ring.

The Grand Old Man, with placid face,
  The center of the lords and peers,
Arose with all the wealth of grace,
  With all the fruit of added years.

From arch to arch, from pit to dome,
  Rebound the long and glad applause;
And strangers there from distant home
  Join in the freeman's holy cause.

The stillness then that reigned around,
Was like the calm when storm is o'er;
The awful silence, how profound!
Like waiting news from foreign shore.

The Grand Old Man, in measured tone,
Like weighing gems, or counting pearls,
The Nation's secret now makes known,
The Home Rule plan he thus unfurls:

Ye noble men of British sires,
Who fill this place of world renown,
Who watch and guard our altar fires,
And love till death the queenly crown.

The weal of all our royal realm,
Will ever be your steady aim;
And you, like pilots at the helm,
Will seek that port through flood and flame.

Across that sea, in that Green Isle,
Your brothers long have been distressed;
To you they've looked for years awhile
For men and laws to make them blest.

Now hope revives, then dies away,
As clouds conceal the opening morn;
The distant lord still holds his sway;
The weary tenant grows forlorn.

Has not their cry gone up to God?
Do not the nations so declare?
Should not we fear His angry rod,
Lest he may not our country spare?

O, lords and commons, hear me now;
I am a Briton, old and true;
To our loved Queen I freely bow,
And here if need my oath renew.

'Tis that I love my kingdom so,
That stirs this loyal heart of mine;
I wish her record white as snow,
Her sun, O, may it ne'er decline.

As thus the Grand Old Premier spoke,
A flaming bush he did appear,
On fire but not consumed in smoke;
And all were filled with holy fear.

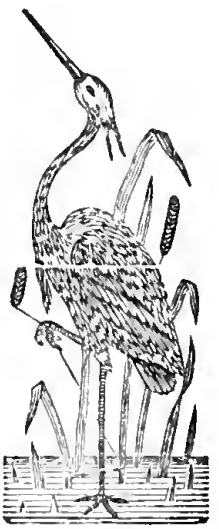
And now the magic spell is broke,
When Briton, Scot, and Erin's peer,
From death-like silence all awoke,
And grandly blend in royal cheer.

Those classic walls have heard before
Old Britain's mighty men;
What now they hear they'll never more
Drink in the like again.

May kindly heaven spare him long
To plead for human kind;
May Erin's bondage not be long,
True freedom may she find.

There is no song that I can sing;
No harp that I can sweep;
No wand that I can ever swing,
To match the theme so deep.

Does circling wave find distant shore,
And tireless starlight travel far;
The fame of Gladstone, man of lore,
Will leave behind both wave and star.



CHAPTER III.

LOST IN THE SURF.

A father stands on ocean's shore,
And looks far out at sea;
He shudders at its sullen roar,
And sighs, "Oh, where is he?"

Ye ruthless waves, your angry swirl
Enwrapped his form so gay,
And will ye not those folds unfurl
And bring him back to-day?

I've paced this shore from morn till night,
From night till morn again;
While tears and spray have dimmed my sight,
My heart is rent with pain.

The throngs who gather here to-day
For health as well as joy,
Their wealth and beauty may display,
But give me back my boy.

This evening after setting sun
I'll hear their youthful glee;
And then, oh, where's my darling son?
O'erswept by foaming sea!

And now, when all around is still,
Save but the deep sea's roar;
My heart! what means this chill,
As now it steals me o'er?

My feet, they press the yielding sand;
The moon looks coldly down;
The darkness hovers o'er the land,
And ocean seems to frown.

But as the morning light appears,
No light to me has come;
But with this weight and bending years,
I turn my face towards home.

I'll turn and look again once more
Upon that awful deep;
Oh, sea! how can I give the o'er
My child, to have and keep?

Oh, sea! Oh, sea! how rich thy store,
In stranded ships from Troy;
Of all thou hast, from shore to shore,
Thy richest gem, my boy.

But still I know it hath been said
From throne of upper sky,
The dead who in thy bosom laid
Shall waken by and by.

CHAPTER IV.

"IN THE HAPPY HEREAFTER."

The year had passed so quick away,
And all had met at parting day;
The hymn was sung with solemn note,
And under which she plainly wrote—
"In the happy hereafter."

"Yet shall we meet again in peace,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
To sing the song of festal joy,
And none our fellowship destroy,"
In the happy hereafter.

"Where none shall beckon us away,
Our meeting-time, the eternal day,
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting-place, the eternal throne,"
In the happy hereafter.
"There, hand in hand, firm-linked at last,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And heart to heart enfolded all,
And wonder why we wept at all,"
In the happy hereafter.

True faith the hymn to all bespoke;
Bright visions in all minds awoke,
When pastor, friend, and all shall meet
In union, rest, and love complete,
In the happy hereafter.

But who had faith more bright and clear?
And who had love with Christ more dear
Than one who viewed the heavenly land,
And thus subscribed with steady hand—
In the happy hereafter.

What cleared her eye on that sad day?
What filled her hope with cheerful ray?
What made her hand so willing write?
Unless she knew there was no night
In the happy hereafter.

And did she think her work most done?
The battle fought, the victory won?
And this side death her triumph sing,
As now she sings before her King—
In the happy hereafter.

For soon the cheek began to pale,
And all the powers of nature fail;
The angel loosed her bark from shore,
And now she dwells forever more—
In the happy hereafter.

Her life was full of blessed thought;
Her plans were all in Jesus wrought;
And all were linked to future tense
Where she expected recompense—
In the happy hereafter.

O, may her faith thus clearly shown;
A faith to all unsaved, unknown,
Be realized by all forgiven,
By meeting her in yonder heaven—
In the happy hereafter.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLACK AND GOLD—A BADGE.

We meet, dear friends, as ne'er we met;
  Our eyes have seen a picture new;
The vision we shall ne'er forget,
  Unless the memory prove untrue.

These classic walls have drank in sounds
  Unused by them to drink before,
And long as years shall go their rounds,
  They'll drink the like no never more.

That magic name, the D. L. S.,
  Has risen high in world renown;
The Phi K. P's must now confess,
  It wears, deserved, the brightest crown.

Faint yellow tint, nor pale sky blue,
  Will suit the grandeur of our thought;
We have the older, richer hue,
  The precious metal deep inwrought.

We have not crowned a hero, dead,
  Nor lifted vail from marble cold,
Nor spoken high of those who bled
  To save a kingdom long foretold.

To us, withal, the scene is grand,
And worth a princess to behold;
We are not writing in the sand;
We consecrate The BLACK and GOLD.

The Black and Gold! how true the sign
To life in all its endless form;
'Tis dark, but there's the golden line,
'Tis seen through all the blinding storm.

The Black a needed lesson gives
To moderate our earthly joy;
To every age, to each that lives,
There is the mixture of alloy.

The Gold it speaks of life to come;
Man needs this rich, enlivening boon
To cast its radiance like a sun
O'er all the black, oppressive gloom.

We raise no ensign high in air;
We wear no princely diamond crest;
No jeweled glove our hand may bear;
Our sacred badge is on our breast.

Is on our breast? aye, more than this;
There is a secret cell within,
Th' unsullied home of conscious bliss,
Securely locked from every sin.

'Tis there we wear our sacred sign,
Untouched by time, unmarred by age,
And every thread and golden line
Shall brighten life in every page.

Dear fellow Deans of noble birth;
To-day you're marked with royal seal;
Though scattered wide o'er all the earth,
Be men of mind, be men of steel.

The stars may fall, the sun grow pale,
The youthful planets all grow old;
Still let it ring from hill and dale,
Do not forget the Black and Gold.

CHAPTER VI.

TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

How can I sing of thee,
  In notes which suit thy praise?
Who knows the melody
  Which I would gladly raise?

My heart, it doth o'erflow
  Too much to sing with ease,
But lines may faintly show,
  Like twigs of giant trees.

Thou dost not need my song,
  For thou art truly crowned,
Amid the sceptered throng,
  High on immortal ground.

Thy earthly fame, how great!
  It reaches o'er the sea,
Where mitered men, sedate,
  Have heard in ecstasy.

Whence came this morning star
  Which fixed the gaze of men?
From out the East so far
  Where wrote prophetic men?

MATTHEW SIMPSON, LLD.

LATE BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

No, no; a western sky
Looked down upon his birth,
Where mother's lullaby
Was sweetly sung with mirth.

No gilded home was this,
With paintings rich and rare,
But here he dwelt in bliss,
Content with humble fare.

As tallest grain doth grow
So near the shadowed wall,
As from the cloud so low
The bolts of thunder fall.

No skillful hand was there
To train this vine to climb;
The trellis, too, was bare,
In that uncultured time.

But he had fixed his eye,
Like the eagle on the sun,
And upward soaring high,
What heights he grandly won!

He gleaned in halls of art;
And, circling 'round the globe,
He culled from every mart,
And dug from deepest lode.

The nation rocks in storm,
And shudders deep within,
And hope is rudely shorn,
So wild the battle's din.

He flies from West to East;
From East again to West;
He spurns the richest feast,
And never knows a rest.

He speaks of Lookout Mount,
Where cannon roared so loud,
Where men of thousands count
Did fight above the cloud.

Fight on, brave men, he said,
As ye have won that height
While clouds a-downward fled;
This is prophetic light.

See! on the mountain crest,
The smile of coming day;
It shines e'en to the West;
The shadows flee away.

See! see! the banner there!
'Tis planted on the rock!
It waves in golden air!
Defies rebellious shock.

Our country one shall be,
  Despite the traitor's hand,
From East to placed sea,
  From frost to glinting sand.

But on that patriot heart,
  A thought still pressed it down;
If God is on our part,
  Then let us fear His frown.

Sweet peace to us will come
  When we have learned to trust;
And all our laws become
  The synonym of Just.

Then break the chains! he cries,
  From off your brother's hands;
Let freedom's anthems rise
  As burst the bondmen's bands.

O! faithful, sovereign man!
  Who holds the helm of State;
God placed thee in the van,
  He said, to turn the fate.

With steady hand now write;
  It is divine decree
From out the throne of light,—
  This nation must be free.

The Sovereign heard his voice,
The Proclamation signed,
And land and sea rejoice,
While heaven and earth combined.

Thou prophet, priest, divine,
Thy praise will near grow old
Till living Freedmen's line
Shall end in deathly mold.

Ay, more; till latest sun
Is quenched in western wave;
Still more, thy fame begun
Shall dig for time a grave.

Thou livest most of all
In that enraptured theme
Where men and angels fall
And cry redeem, redeem!

The cross! the cross! the cross!
As thou didst lift it high,
All else to man is loss,
Oh look! and never die!

I see that eye so bright,
That face is wreathed in smile,
That grand majestic height,
A heavenly form awhile.

I hear thy voice so clear,
'Tis fragrant from above;

I see an angel tear
  Upon the cheek of love.

High flows the gracious tide,
  Men sway in heavenly air;
All earth seems cast aside,
  They feast on kingly fare.

O herald, flame of fire!
  Out from thee gleamed a light,
Much brighter than the pyre
  From him on Sinai's height.

As rocks the sunbeams store,
  As flowers get their hue,
So with thy precious lore
  This world is made anew.

Thy mission o'er? nay, nay;
  But from a loftier plain,
And now in wider sway,
  How vast is thy domain!

As here this side the brook,
  We cast a heavenward gaze,
He mounts the skies; O look,
  And see the chariot blaze!

As up he grandly rode,
  Celestial gates arise!
May fall his matchless robe
  On us below the skies.

CHAPTER VII.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

Give him a seat in the parlor,
  And not a cold place in the hall;
His words of holiest ardor
  Will breathe a sweet blessing on all.

Set him a chair at the festal;
  The place of renown let him share;
Who then would dare to be bestial,
  When Jesus, the Master, is there.

Let him adorn the home circle;
  The midst of the group is his place,
He has, no doubt, the best title;
  He'll fill it with beauty and grace.

He has a wise word for father;
  The mother looks wistfully on,
How happy is she to gather
  Some comforting words from the Son.

And now he's talking to Mary;
  How richer her portion by far,
Than all the world with its glory,
  And more everlasting than star.

To Peter he utters a caution;
  He's wandering away from the fold:
He stumbles upon the dark mountain;
  "Return and be saved as of old."

Now cluster the dear little children
  Close up to his warm throbbing breast,
While he places his hands upon them;
  "Of such shall my kingdom be blest."

Now let us be silent a moment,
  As darkness is spread like a pall;
He's praying! how sweet and potent!
  No evil can surely befall.

Give him to-night your best chamber;
  He'll hallow the beds of us all;
He's better by far in danger
  Than castle, or tower or wall.

The morning has dawned with splendor;
  How peaceful and happy our rest!
The children all say, no wonder,
  Since Jesus was with us, our guest.

Religious devotions are over;
  How sweet were the words which he read?
His blessing was more than an omer;
  The farewell should never be said.

O give him a welcome forever!
  O keep him a permanent guest!
The home that gives him a shelter
  Will ever and ever be blest.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY-TWO.

My friends be gay
This festal day,
With hearts so light
And faces bright,
For I am twenty-two.

Let joyous song
Now float along,
Lift high the cup
While all may sup,
For I am twenty-two.

This symbol wine
Shall now be mine,
That all may share
This fragrant air,
For I am twenty-two.

See flowerets gay
As sunny May,
And living twine
From mountain pine,
For I am twenty-two.

Ye stars of night
Flash out your light,
Ye heavenly choirs
Bring out your lyres,
For I am twenty-two.

My life has been
Like verdant glen,
With rugged mount
And pearly fount,
Till I was twenty-two.

What more in store
Of life and lore,
Is not for me
Just yet to see,
Till after twenty-two.

I'll trust the gail
And spread my sail,
And brave a life
So full of strife,
When after twenty-two.

And should my fate
Be one to mate,
I'll be his pride
Whate'er betide,
When after twenty-two.

But if my smile
No one beguile,
Still on I'll float
And row my boat,
When after twenty-two.

My friends you see
What's life to me;
May yours and mine
Still brighter shine,
Long after twenty-two.

As ne'er again
We'll sing this strain,
We hope to meet
In bliss complete,
Long after twenty-two.

GOVERNOR J. B. FORAKER,

OHIO.

CHAPTER IX.

"TAKE BACK THE FLAGS!"

DEDICATED TO GOVERNOR FORAKER OF OHIO.

A nation proud; a nation strong;
A theme for prose; a theme for song,
From crystal lake and palmy State,
From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate.

One day, anon, a cloud arose:
'Twas dark, surcharged with human woes;
Around it gleamed no silver band;
It burst in war o'er all the land.

"To arms!" he cried, that noble Chief:
"We come!" they shout, "to your relief,
With drum and fife and sabre drawn,
The men of thought, the men of brawn."

One day, as carnage swept the field,
Columbia's sons to death did yield;
And on that fort, along that line,
Were floating still the traitor's sign.

"Go, charge, and take the flags," he said,
And onward dashed the men who bled;
They fall, but others take their place,
And drive the foe before their face.

"The flags are ours!" the shout resounds;
"We took them, though with scars and wounds;
Now let these trophies we have won
Descend from sire, from sire to son."

The scene has changed; O, what a change;
From chieftain grand to ruler strange—
In time of war like one who lags,
And now he says: "Take back the flags!"

Take back the flags to whom? we pray
To men who loved our flag for aye?
Ah! no; but trailed it in the dust,
And at it made a deadly thrust.

Take back the flags? Ask Gettysburg,
Where serried sway and surge,
When freedom hung in doubtful scale,
And o'er the North was heard a wail.

Take back the flags! What say you boys,
Who came from Maine and Illinois,
From Pennsy's woods and Kansas plain,
From fertile vale and mountain chain?

Take back the flags! I hear a knell;
On this sad heart it puts a spell;
It is a low, sepulchral sound;
It comes from comrades 'neath that mound!

"'Take back the flags!' Is that you say?
We'll stir this dust, we'll lift this clay
Upon the field where missiles rained,
We'll fight to keep what we have gained."

Take back the flags! No, never more,
Though all this land should swim with gore;
We'll keep the flags at any cost,
In memory of the boys we lost.

Take back the flags! We still say nay,
But bear no ill to boys in gray;
We do forgive, but can't forget
'Till sun and stars forever set.

Now floats one flag, and only one,
O'er those who lost and those who won,
Beneath whose stars of brightest gold
We loyal dwell in peaceful fold.

Governor Foraker was the first to publicly oppose the order of President Cleveland to return the rebel flags captured during the late war.

CHAPTER X.

FOR AN ALBUM.

As flows this river at thy feet,
In June and bleak November,
So life, the bitter and the sweet,
Are both from God the sender.

If here we had perpetual Spring,
And skies as bright as silver,
The birds would sooner cease to sing,
And every flower would wither.

So let the world go on at will,
In mingling light and shadow,
To music sweet, or loud and shrill,
It comes from mount or meadow.

So turn thy face to coming light,
As does the morning flower,
And copy thus the fragrant sight
Until the evening hour.

CHAPTER XI.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

'Tis fifty years since we were wed,
Since each to each the vows were said;
When I took you and you took me,
For good or ill as life should be.

How wide the sea seemed stretched away,
As we left port that gala day,
'Mid cheer and wish, from lip and hand,
That we might reach that better land.

These fifty years we've rowed our boat,
Since parson, grave, set us afloat;
And you, dear wife, whom I adore,
How well you've used your faithful oar.

We've been in calm, we've been in storm;
Have been cast down, but not forlorn;
We've seen the inky cloud by day,
But through it shined the hopeful ray.

And now, dear wife, give me thy hand,
Anew let us together stand
And look around on all this crew,
Ere we shall bid them all adieu.

Dear children, friends, both young and old,
Our love for you can ne'er grow cold;
These tokens dear, and smiles so bright,
Will be to us like songs at night.

Our strength is worn, our heads are gray,
And we shall soon both pass away;
But yonder on that sunlit shore,
We trust we'll meet you all once more.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

PESSIMISTIC.

Whatever is, is worst,
  Since evil does prevail;
And ever from the first
  Was heard the mournful wail.

A better state than this
  Is possible below;
A purer stream of bliss,
  Where flows much less of woe.

The pain we feel is pain;
  It breaks the strongest bow;
The numberless of slain,
  Have ever found it so.

The wrong presides in church,
  And rules as well in state;
And love is in the lurch
  Of all abounding hate.

The good will kick the beam
  In every scale of man;
The perfect has a seam,
  And shows where we began.

The sky is swept with storm,
The sunlight struggles througb,
The night is evil, born
To poison cups of dew.

Come, let us eat and drink,
To-morrow will be doom;
Now evil gnaws the brink,
And soon we'll plunge the gloom.

OPTIMISTIC.

Whatever is, is best;
Joy as well as sorrow,
Since everything is blest,
Present and to-morrow.

No better state is there
On which the mind can dwell
For weary mortals here,
Though earth may seem a hell.

The pain we feel is good,
And we must ne'er repine;
And poison must be food,
Could we but true divine.

In every lengthened race,
The good is sure to win;
The bad must meet disgrace
As sure as sin is sin.

The right will triumph soon;
The day may seem delayed
Until we almost swoon,
And think ourselves betrayed.

Let us await results;
They will not tarry long;
The victor ne'er exults,
While foe is brave and strong.

But Faith alone can hear
The conquering shout arise,
Which doth the legions cheer,
While pressing to the prize.

And coming to the end,
No, not the end, but way,
I see around the bend,
The dawn of endless day!

CHAPTER XIII.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

Jesus in the Temple, so youthful in his age,
Happy is the lesson, to men in every stage,
Better than the palace, with all its fragrant air,
Is the lowly chapel, the place of humble prayer.

Jesus in the Temple, 'round him men of note,
Asking of the meaning what the prophets wrote;
They in all the ages, the sacred and profane,
Crowd the holy altars, in churches or in fane.

Jesus in the Temple, will answer every quest,
Coming from the bosom, or silent in the breast;
Weary, heavy laden, and mighty men of State,
All to him are coming, O wondrous Potentate!

Jesus in the Temple, about his Father's work;
Labor is the watchword, false are those who shirk;
Whiter is the harvest than ever heretofore;
Quickly, wield the sickle, the day will soon be o'er.

Jesus in the Temple, the temple of the heart;
Richer is the treasure than gold of finest art;
Let him cast the buyers and evil sellers out;
So we'll ever triumph, Hosanna, let us shout!

Jesus in the Temple, the temple of the skies;
Shining there forever, Shekinah never dies;
Sorrow never enters, and never comes a night;
Happy are the people where Jesus is the light.

CHAPTER XIV.

DREAM SAIL.

What is the scene to me?
  A vision or a dream?
A midnight ecstasy!
  Mayhap a heavenly gleam.
A high and glassy sea,
  With naught for pillars strong;
From storm and tempest free;
  It is not wide but long.

Up near the spangled sky,
  With not a cloud o'er head;
But strange, I know not why,
  The sunlight all o'erspread.
A vessel now behold!
  With pennons streaming aft,
The wavelets flash their gold,
  While breezes onward waft.

How many decks! O look!
  And thronged with young and old,
Who all the earth forsook;
  Its pleasure and its gold.
The ship is white, but they
  Are whiter than the light,
And purer than the spray
  That leaps from mountain height.

A sound, I hear! O hear!
It ripples o'er the wave;
It is so sweet, so clear;
It might enchant the grave.
From every deck and voice,
From harp and lute and tongue,
The young and old rejoice,
One melody is sung.

What is it, do you ask?
Ah! how can mortal tell!
This were a prophet's task,
On whom the Spirit fell.
Does sunlight paint the leaf,
And give the rose perfume,
And fill the golden sheaf,
Till storage swells for room?

But from them come no sound
Expressive of their praise,
But of their gratitude profound
They speak in silent lays.
So, like them, now to me,
The tint, the radiance there
Is now, will ever be;
The words escaped in air.

But now I'm one of these,
Upon this vessel grand;
How wondrous the transpose
From earth with them to stand

As o'er the waves we sped,
Swift as the arrow flies;
Our mainmast's lofty head
Seemed near to brush the skies.

As on we flew, so light,
I stood just o'er the prow;
It was not day nor night;
I saw the morning's brow.
What's that upon the sea!
Some dark foreboding sight!
It's towering high I see;
Extends from left to right.

Huge rocks! they ghastly frown!
Straight on the vessel goes;
And surely all will drown—
Go down in wreckful woes!
But no, the pilot's hand
Just touched the faithful wheel,
And 'round the shadowed land
We sail, no harm to feel.

A river broad and fair,
We enter now in peace,
And breathe ambrosial air,
When will the voyage cease!
E'en now we're on the strand;
What's that just to my right?
In rows I see them stand,
And clad in spotless white!

On rising banks of green,
With rose of every hue;
Engraved on every sheen,
In letters bright and new,
'Tis "Welcome"! Oh that word!
'Tis printed on my heart,
And though 'tis often heard,
'Tis sacred to my part.

And as I look around
Upon this brilliant scene,
My rapture grows profound;
I know what this doth mean.
O this is home, I know!
Which I have longed to find,
Where joys immortal grow
In rich and varied kind.

The place of which we dream,
From infancy to age;
The soul of highest theme
Of poet, priest and sage.
'Tis not a dream alone;
An unsubstantial thought;
A vision flash that shone
With superstition fraught.

It is a germ in man;
A native seed divine;
A little spark we fan,
And make it glow and shine.

Those rocks of death, we saw,
That frowned upon our crew,
And filled us each with awe,
As on our vessel flew;

They quench the lightning flash;
Beat back the sturdy wave,
And cut and scar and gash;
No man-built bark they save.
But man was built of God;
And God his pilot stands;
He's not a transient clod;
He's more than shifting sands.

Around the dangerous rocks,
And o'er the hidden reefs,
He laughs at earthly shocks,
And wrecks of unbeliefs.
Immortal man! O yes!
How proud and grand thy sail!
Thy worth and nobleness,
We shout a-hail! a-hail!

CHAPTER XV.

DEDICATED TO

PRINCE VON BISMARCK,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS 73D BIRTHDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1888.

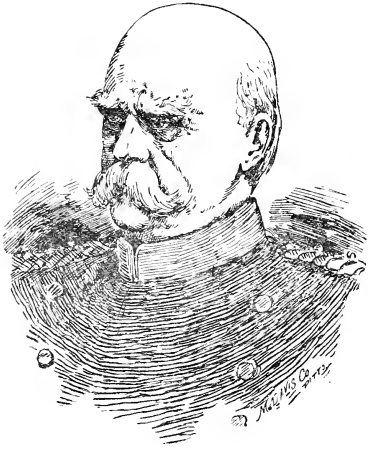
Thou prince of Prussia's noblemen!
And son of humble Schönhausen;
The brightest star thou long hast been
Of Göttingen and proud Berlin.

We greet thee on thy natal day!
Though thou from us art leagues away,
Yet clasping hands across the sea,
Thrice happy thou in seventy-three.

Thou man of heavy, Jove-like brow!
With will like many-plated prow;
With voice Aeolus-like, so deep,
A storm king in its awful sweep.

On that firm lip, paternal smile
Doth sit enthroned; despite the guile
Of foes abroad and foes at home,
Still from his face the halo shone.

In foreign courts thy voice was heard;
In Paris gay and Petersburg;
Vienna too did bend the ear
To hear this statesman, sage and seer.



To bind in one the German States,
From Southern Alps to Northern lakes;
He bends in one his giant powers,
His midnight dreams and wakeful hours.

Across the Rhine, a jealous eye
His every movement doth descry;
And now he calls his legions forth,
From sunny South and rugged North.

The monarch proud is in the van;
And now they meet at old Sedan;
The gallant Prince and Kaiser bold,
And Bismarck too in glittering gold.

From hill to hill the cannon roar!
Adown those hills the blood-streams pour!
Still onward press those German Knights
And drive the Frenchmen from their heights.

That monarch proud gives up the strife,
And trusts the king to spare his life,
And trusting to his faithful word,
He humbly yields his conquered sword.

But Paris bold still loudly threats,
And fierce demands, "Give back our Metz:"
So, "Forward, men," the Kaiser cries,
And fight again till Paris dies.

So coming to those towered heights,
Where they encamped for many nights,
The awful siege is now complete;
No way is left for their retreat.

Gaunt famine feebly stalks abroad,
And life itself becomes a load,
The young, the old, their fate bemoan
With tearful eye and deathly groan.

Vain city! thou must surely fall!
The fatal hand is on the wall!
And thou art in the lighter scale;
Already sounds the planitive wail.

Ah! humbly now she bows the head,
To stop the strife, entomb the dead;
And on her knees she sues for peace,
That she from siege may find release.

Now Bismarck speaks! for 'tis his time
To speak for those beyond the Rhine;
His words are strong, his words are plain;
"You give us back Alsace-Lorraine."

"And for this wrong which is so sore,
You pay to us a billion more;
We'll keep the fortress known as Metz,
Though all your nation sore regrets.

The treaty signed, the war is o'er;
The troops return to homeward shore,
To live for aye in peaceful fold,
United still in bonds of gold.

'Tis Prince Bismarck! no longer Count;
The welkin rings from vail to mount;
And over land and sea it flies,
All nations shout it to the skies.

Long live, this Prince, this prince of men!
Who wields for all a mighty pen;
But loves supreme the German crown;
Nor loves, nor fears a tyrant's frown.

Long live, the dear old Fatherland!
O'er which he swayed his mighty hand;
And when at length the Prince has died,
Death be to him who dares divide.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM BOOKS TO A CROWN.

I'm thinking of one with auburn hair,
A beauty in mold with face so fair,
With virtue so pure, like early dew;
Affection as steel, 'twas ever true.

In seeking for lore with earnest mind,
Her mother and all she leaves behind,
A toiling by day, as well by night,
Bedecking her mind with gems of light.

Forgetting how frail her tender form,
She presses still on with hope unshorn;
In gaining a pearl, what care has she,
Ten fathoms in depth the sea may be.

The strongest of steel will part its grain,
The bravest of men were often slain;
But saddest of all must now be told,
The shadow that came to that household.

'Twas winter's cold night, with snow so deep,
A mantle indeed; all else asleep
Save twinkle of star and shimm'ring moon,
Still watching around the midnight noon.

Now watchers of night retire to rest,
Aurora is seen on mountain crest,
While noiseless of foot, in spangling gold,
She hastens away to each household.

She pauses that morn at early light,
To draw to one side the robes of night,
Which curtained the room of one so fair,
That maiden of yore, with auburn hair.

Awaken, dear maid, she tender spoke,
Though often 'twas said, she ne'er awoke;
Aurora grew pale while peering' round;
'Twas silence itself, and so profound.

The flickering lamp was burning low,
The window was banked with crystal snow;
A snow-white mound there lay in bed,
The spirit had gone, but when had fled?

That pallid, cold hand still held the Book;
'Twas open just where we often look;
Where many sad hearts were often blest,
Where weary and worn find welcome rest.

And, hearing the voice that bade her come,
She hastens at once, she's quickly gone;
And, spurning that cold December air,
She hurriedly climbs the golden stair.

But strangest of all that e'er was told,
The mother so far, and then so old;
In hearing a sound so sweet, so mild,
She easily knew the plaintive child.

Unlatching the door, the hour so late,
She looking to find her at the gate;
She looking in vain: "What can this be,
Like prophets of old, a vision to me."

The streaking of day came none too soon;
So weary the time since midnight noon;
The message arrives, with words so few,
Assuring her mind the vision true.

In bidding adieu to earthly care,
A little before she mounts the stair;
Though lonely the way, the hour be late,
She lovingly calls at mother's gate.

She's calling to say her last good bye,
In passing from earth beyond the sky;
"Oh, hasten!" I hear the angels say,
"Already we see the dawn of day."

In winging their way, they mount, they rise!
How proudly they sail, so rich their prize;
A jewel they have, of rare renown,
They planted it safe in Jesus' crown.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHILDREN'S TRIBUTE.

Our parents: how much we owe them,
For tenderness early bestowed,
For watch-care, ceaseless, unbroken,
O'er the dangerous paths we've trode.

Our parents: how much we love them;
When sickness prostrated our form,
And the day as night seemed leaden,
As the sky portending a storm;

'Twas then the shadow came swooping,
It seemed the death angel in air,
And lower, and lower, a hovering,
It looked a thing of despair.

Our parents: O, let us revere them,
For then as they gathered so near,
They frightened away the specter
By faith and mîghtiest prayer.

Our parents: let us adore them,
The living, or now with the dead;
Their prayers should work like leaven,
As will the wise counsels they said.

Our parents: let us pray for them;
How little it is we can do;
The pebble, the thorn, remove them,
And polish their path to the tomb.

Our parents: O Lord, do bless them;
In Autumn, O help them to sing;
Their Winter, O wilt thou gladden,
Then open perpetual Spring.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOUGHT CONFLICT.

How strange our waking thought!
Which come to us unsought;
From whence they come, Oh, tell!
From out the sky or dell?

They are for good or ill
Upon the heart and will;
They make the life so blest,
Or rob us of our rest.

Sometimes they come alone;
When good, how faces shone;
When bad, at length appears,
The eyes they swim with tears.

But now they come as one,
And ere we know 'tis done;
They're in the secret heart;
And now they stand apart.

See how they look aghast!
But which will stand the last?
Which now shall hold the sway,
And prove his right of way?

The genii clash in arms!
The trembling heart alarms!
It seems it would abreak!
So much is now at stake.

Now bad exults aloud;
He is a demon proud;
The good is crouching lower,
So near the opening door.

Now good rebounds anew,
And at the demon flew;
He rends his iron crown,
And hurls the monster down.

As man and beast contend;
As din and shouting blend;
Sweet peace and deathly groan;
Calm wave and tempest foam.

So is thy heart at times;
Unlike the merry chimes
Of ancient Shandon bell,
But full of funeral knell.

They say there's peace for all;
A sea without a squall;
A pious dream, I ween,
And spun into a theme.

It may be so, at last,
When time and nature past,
Man rises in the scale,
And life immortal hail.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO HYMEN.

Now orange bloom
Doth fill the room,
While bridal pair
Ascend the stair
To Hymen's shrine.

The organ's peal
Flings out its weal,
And parson's voice
Makes all rejoice
In mystic chime.

The Gordian knot
Without a spot,
With threads of gold
Which ne'er unfold,
Is tied for time.

'Mid sparkling light
In virgin white,
The bridegroom vowed
And maiden bowed
To words divine.

Like apple bloom
The greetings come,
Their bark's a-sail,
Now all a-hail
For fairer clime.

CHAPTER XX.

NATURAL GAS.

The day of gas, the welcome day,
Illumines all the town;
The stifling smoke has cleared away,
The sky no more doth frown,
Good bye, dark days, good bye.

The blazing wood, though unconsumed,
Like flaming bush of old,
The wintry task hath now assumed
Of keeping out the cold.
Good bye, soft coal, good bye.

The ashman's voice, that horrid voice,
We'll hear no more for aye;
And who, we ask, will not rejoice
If he has gone to stay?
Good bye, ashman, good bye.

The tongs, alas! the shovel, too;
The scuttle, how we sinned;
The air itself was almost blue,
Our shins we knew were skinned.
Good bye, blue shins, good bye.

The coal-house too, that darkest place,
Is numbered with the past;
How oft we stumbled on our face,
Then spoke so bad and fast?
Cood bye, coal-house, good bye.

The clerk behind the counter stands,
His face without a cloud;
A crash! and in the street he lands—
A maiden weeps aloud.
Good bye, my love, good bye.

One morning, thus it happened so,
The cook was early down;
The lids went flying to and fro
And startled all the town.
Good bye, Aunt Chloe, good bye.

No foolin', then, with natural gas,
But handle it with care,
Or it will spurn the toughest brass,
And hurl you high in air.
Good bye, Tom-fool, good bye.

And gas has come to stay, we think;
Artesian-like remain;
As it shall rise still more will sink,
To spout and fill the main.
O stay, good boon, for aye.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GLAD COMING.

Listen to the singing
  On the silent midnight air!
How my soul is leaping
  Up from sublunary care.

Is it note of angel?
  Not discordant voice of man;
Early birds a-warble
  In the rosy morning van?

Mingled trump and voices
  Blend like setting sun and wave;
Now my heart rejoices,
  Jesus comes! he comes to save.

Gladness! gladness! gladness!
  This is every mortal's part;
Banish, banish sadness,
  From the weary ladened heart.

Often was I longing
  For this Holy Prince to come;
Coming night or morning,
  In my heart he'd have a home.

Hearty is thy welcome,
  To this humble heart of mine;
Give me now some token
  That I shall be ever thine.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

"God loved him and took him," said sweet Lillie May,
As slowly she came from the coffin away;
"And who, may I wonder," she faltered to say,
"Will be the next one to go up that way?

"May be me, dear mamma," she hastened to say,
"The angels will wish to come the bright way."
The mother, o'ercome with sudden surprise,
Dare not, for a moment, attempt a disguise.

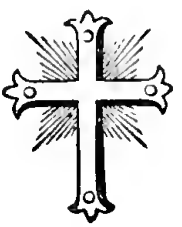
With frankness and meekness, so tender and mild,
To suit the good nature of such a bright child,
With mother's devotion, still watching her treasure,
"I hope not," she answered, in tremulous measure.

But words so prophetic were pondered each day,
As the mother sat thinking of dear Lillie May;
And soon their fulfillment she was to behold,
In the sadness that came to that loved household.

Her Lillie grew paler each day of the seven,
'Till all did believe she was wanted in heaven;
With her own soft hands she would wipe from the eyes
The tears of her mother, whenever they'd rise.

"Be faithful, dear mama, and I know you will be,
Then papa and mamma will come up with me."
Thus saying, she folded her lily white hands,
Awaiting the summons to heavenly lands.

Then with a sweet look that spake a good bye,
She went up with Jesus, forever on high.
"God loved her and took her," the mother doth say;
"God love me and keep me to meet Lillie May."



CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'VE NOTHING TO DO."

I've nothing to do, my work is done;
The Master calls, I hasten home;
My gathered sheaves with me I bring,
The Harvest Home I gladly sing.

I've nothing to do, no tears to shed;
For me I know the Savior bled,
His blood has washed me white as snow,
O let the world this cleansing know.

I've nothing to do but trust his grace,
I rest, indeed, in his embrace;
No human arm could rest me so,
My love to him is all aglow.

I've nothing to do but pass the vale,
It is not dark, there is no wail;
No lion in the way I meet,
I see the print of Jesus' feet.

I've nothing to do, the gates arise!
What glories fill my ravished eyes!
Oh, now I know, it is so clear!
This is the land without a tear.

I've nothing to do with woe or pain,
This is a land without a stain;
Beyond the stream I left my care,
Here every brow is bright and fair.

I've nothing to do; O yes, one thing:
I'll rise and fly on quivering wing,
Adown to earth if may I go;
I'll win the world from sin and woe.

I've nothing to do; O yes, still more:
When I've returned within the door,
O how I'll long and anxious wait,
To welcome friends within the gate.

I've nothing to do; Oh, hear the blast!
The angel sounds that time is past;
On glory clouds the saints arise,
And swell the anthem of the skies.

Then, something to do; how wide the field!
How sweet the toil, how rich the yield!
From world to world, from star to star,
We come and go without a jar.

Yes, something to do; with mind and heart,
Since here we know a little part,
But there, with heart and vision clear,
We'll soar above the ancient seer.

Thus, something to do; O blest employ!
To work with God, as well enjoy,
And see the cycles wheel away,
But leaving still eternal day.

APPENDIX.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

The occasion and inspiration of some of these poems have been very marked and significant. They are well known to myself, and in some cases to many others, but after a few years it will not be so easy for the reader to connect the occasion with the poem, and thus much of the interest be lost. The Declaration of Independence, in itself, is not such a remarkable document, but associated with the thrilling occasion which brought it forth it will ever remain dear to the American people. To fully appreciate Shakespear and Dickens we need to carefully study their times, for in nearly every instance their works had a striking background of historic reality. But by these references I would not even intimate a comparison of worth in these humble lines with those of such masters, but nevertheless the principle holds good in all cases whatever may be the intrinsic worth of the literary production. But particularly in this case does it seem to me proper to append these notes, as these lines are intended mainly for my friends and relatives, in whose families the book may possibly be preserved as a souvenir for those to follow them; and in any case, it has been suggested as the right thing to do.

But these notes are more than simple explanations of the occasions which gave the poems birth, as in the case of the Village, Gladstone, Simpson, and Bismarck, and Foraker, especially there will be found many important historical events not known to the ordinary reader. And hence we believe that many will find these explanations as interesting as any other part of the work. I might add that the portrait of Gladstone represents him when he delivered his famous speech in Parliament on Home Rule for Ireland. The cut of Bismarck is a likeness of him on his 73d anniversary. That of Bishop Simpson was taken from a steel engraving, regarded by his family and friends as his best portrait. The engraving of Governor Foraker is a true likeness of him.

THE VILLAGE.

The cut showing a village is worthy of a word of explanation. Here was the home of the hero of the first poem and is one of the oldest villages in the State of Ohio. When first laid out it was supposed that it would make a prominent commercial city, as the river (Mahoning) was pronounced navigable thus far. But such was never the case. For a time the city flourished and had good prospect of development and prosperity. It had stores, factories and workshops, a postoffice and hotels, but on the rise of other towns not far away, and especially because of the railroads passing through them, they prospered and this

town declined until now no store, hotel or postoffice exists there. Here may be seen a church which has succeeded the old hewed-log church of the long ago yet which we remember quite well. It was one of the land-marks of the early itinerant. Across the way may be seen the graveyard where the hero of the first poem lies buried and many others of the pioneers of this historic town.

In these two churches, the log and the frame, my parents worshiped until called away from earth to their eternal rewards. In this church also I received license to exhort and then to preach, and here also, in the presence of my relatives and friends, I preached my first sermon. Hence around its altars gather many memories whose fragrance is both sweet and lasting. In this village stands the house in which my wife was born and whose parents were among the worthy originals of this community and whose house was the cheerful home of perhaps more of the early itinerants than any other in all that region.

My parents lived on a little farm in the vicinity, and their strict integrity, Christian character and generous hospitality will long survive them in that community.

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Gladstone and Bismarck I regard as two of the greatest living statesmen, and to speak freely, I do not think they have had their equals in any age.

William Ewart Gladstone was born at Liverpool, England, December 29, 1809. His father, Sir John Gladstone, a baronet, was a Scottish merchant. William Gladstone graduated from Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, 1831. He entered parliament the next year, so brilliant were his talents. He was soon called to fill many important offices. He was the author of the revised tariff of 1842, secretary of the colonies 1845–6, chancellor of the exchequer 1852–5, 1859–66 and 1873–4, high commissioner to the Ionian Islands 1858–9. In 1868 he became first lord of the treasury and prime minister, retaining that position until 1874. Again, after some time, Gladstone was made premier, but on the failure of his Home Rule Plan for Ireland, he was succeeded by Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Gladstone's premiership has always been characterized by great measures. As great as he is, and which shows his greatness, he is open to receive light from whatever source it may come. He entered public life as a Tory and High Churchman, but his views have gradually changed, and ever since 1859 he has been the recognized leader of the Liberal party. But while he is liberal in politics he is at the same time a most thorough Christian and Protestant. His opposition to the high claims of the Roman Catholic Church were very forcibly set forth in a pamphlet in 1874, entitled *Vatican Decrees*. There are no grounds to fear that he will ever do anything to embarrass Protestantism either in England or Ireland. He secured the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 and the reform of the Irish Land Bill 1870.

Through his kind offices the Geneva Conference was held, which amicably settled the Alabama award matter. His literary abilities are very great. He seems at home in almost all fields of culture. His financial papers and Parliamentry addresses are models of style and argument. He has perhaps the greatest voice of any orator of the day, and although plain in habit, under the impulse of his great themes, he becomes magnificent and magnetic. Perhaps the greatest effort of his life was when in Parliament he introduced the Home Rule Plan for Ireland. And hence, as I admire the grand old man, in his spirit, themes and aims, so have I thought best to to give form to this admiration in verse.

LOST IN THE SURF.

This poem was written on the sad fate of a young man by the name of Martin, from Pittsburgh, who was drowned at Atlantic City a few years ago. Another young man from Pittsburgh was drowned at the same time in attempting to rescue him. Mr. Martin's father went on to Atlantic City on the receipt of the sad intelligence, and every effort was made to recover the body, but all to no avail. The aged father seemed well nigh distracted, and refusing to be comforted, he wandered along the beach all night, still hoping the body might be washed ashore. He at last gave up all hope and returned sorrowfully to his desolate home.

IN THE HAPPY HEREAFTER.

When about to deliver my last discourse, before leaving a certain church, an intelligent and pious young lady sat in the audience and seemed very much affected by the hymn which was sung. The hymn was No. 796, of the Methodist Hymnal; the lines of the stanzas I have transposed. Of course the hymn was about parting and the hope of meeting again. As she sat there she wrote in pencil under the hymn, "In the Happy Hereafter." She was a young lady of remarkable culture for the opportunities which she had, and longed to do some worthy work for the church. But, frail in body, she began to decline, and finally passed away to the glories of the Happy Hereafter. I was sent for to attend her funeral when her hymnal was produced with the line written by the loving hand now quiet in death.

THE BLACK AND GOLD.

A BADGE.

This poem was written on the occasion of the dedication of the colors adopted by the Dean Literary Society of the Pittsburgh Central High School. The Phi Kappa Pi Society had adopted as their colors yellow and sky blue. They were occasions of great interest to both societies.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

My reasons for dedicating a poem to Bishop Simpson are mainly these. When I entered the Pittsburg Conference in 1863 he was at the zenith of his power, and his influence over me was almost superhuman. In later years, when I came to know him more intimately and personally, even in his own home, my admiration arose almost to devotion. I spent the most of one year (1876–1877) with him in his own library and with his family. I knew much of his mind, life and methods of work; his singular compound of simple manners and aristocratic bearing; how to measure up to a potentate or to frolic with a child, and hence, before I shall pass away, I feel that I owe to him some tribute to his memory. Hence I write.

Matthew Simpson was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1811. He received his early education in the academy in his native town and also under the personal instruction of his scholarly uncle, Matthew Simpson, Esq., who was for ten years a member of the State Senate and for seven years was a judge in the county court. He was converted in the eighteenth year of his age and soon after entered Madison College, then at Uniontown, Pa., but afterwards merged into Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa. In his nineteenth year he was elected an instructor in Madison College. Having studied medicine, he commenced its practice in 1833. But he had no sooner began the practice of medicine than he felt himself called to the work of the ministry, and at the session of the Pitts-

burgh Conference, held at Meadville, July, 1833, he was received into the traveling connection and was appointed to St. Clairsville circuit, Ohio. In 1834 he, with William Hunter, was appointed to Pittsburgh with Thomas M. Hudson as preacher in charge. In 1835 he was pastor of Liberty Street Church. In 1836 he was appointed to Monongahela City, and in 1837 he was elected vice president of Allegheny College and professor of natural sciences. In 1839 he was elected president of Indiana Asbury University. In 1848 he was elected to the editorial chair of the *Western Christian Advocate*. In 1852, at the General Conference in Boston, he was elected to the office of Bishop. In 1857 he was sent as a delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference. The same year he was a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin, and from this point he made a tour through Egypt, Palestine, Turkey and Greece. In 1870 he visited the missions, conferences and stations in Europe. In 1874 he went to Mexico to supervise the church work in that country. In 1875 he visited the conferences in Germany and Switzerland and other mission stations in Europe. After this he started on a tour around the world, but his sudden sickness in California prevented it. He was thus a man of tireless industry.

He never aspired to be recognized by his writings, as a literary man. Writing and composing were to him a drudgery. Yet his "Hundred Years of Methodism," the "Cyclopedia of Methodism," and his "Yale Lectures," will ever do him honor.

He was born, educated, converted and entered upon his ministry within the bounds of the old Pitts-

burgh Conference. It was here while pastor of Liberty Street Church that he began to particularly attract public attention as a pulpit orator. It was here he chose his companion, who in all these laborious years has shared with him in the trials and triumphs of his illustrious life. It was while here that he was called to that responsible position in Allegheny College. It was here that he gave his personal influence to the work of founding that church, Christ Church, which has been an honor and a strong support to the denomination. It was here that he had his first Episcopal residence. It was here—in Smithfield Street Church—that he preached his semi-Centennial sermon, choosing as his theme, that which as we have seen he so ardently prayed in his closing words in Philadelphia at the General Conference, that the church might continue to have, namely, "The outpouring of the Holy Spirit." It was here also that he preached in Christ Church nearly his last sermon, selecting as his text that passage of Scripture so well suited to one, the wheels of whose life were becoming weary, and one who was so soon to rest from his labors: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

We shall not attempt a detailed, rigid analysis of this great man. In brief, we may say that physically he was weak, and, as we have heard him say, that it was a life-long struggle to live; that he was a sufferer, and such was the natural frailty of his constitution that neither he nor his friends in early life expected him to live but a few years. But with great care and with the blessing of God he was permitted to live to a

good old age. His mind was naturally quick and almost intuitive, and in his forecast of the future he seemed almost prophetic. He had great skill in planning, and considered well all possibilities and contingencies. Spiritually he was a man of God, and while exceedingly modest in his religious professions, yet he had a large experience of the power of the gospel. As a patriot, he had fixed and steady principles, and he had great faith in the perpetuity of our Republican institutions, and, more, he seemed to have an advanced vision of the future greatness and glory of our Republic. Socially as a man he was cordial and approachable, but as a high official he knew how to well sustain the dignity of his office. And while personally neat in appearance, he cared little for outward display. But his chief characteristic was his pulpit eloquence; and here no one statement, however well worded, can fully describe the secret of his power. First of all, he had an ardent temperament, easily set on fire with the power of the truth. And then he had an intense conviction of the truth of what he delivered. And then, again, his public life fell in with the intentest period of our ecclesiastical and national history. He saw his own church rapidly outstripping all others in her progress. He saw the threatened dismemberment of the Union, which he loved so well, and these two great facts fired all the latent elements of his great mind and heart. But it has been said that he was no logician. He was a mighty logician. He suppressed his major premise. He left that in his study, but with his minor premise, or rather with the clear-cut conclusions of his reasoning, he took captive

the minds and hearts of vast audiences. Hence with a good temperament for an orator, and with intense convictions and living in an intense age, and last and greatest of all, with a large endowment of that gospel which is the power of God, he became the great man of God that he was. But we remember that while he was living we could not fully see into the deep mystery of his power, nor accurately describe the might of his influence, and so surely we cannot do so now with our vision obscured with tears and our hand tremulous with sorrow. But fortunately this is one of the things which will live though it cannot be described.

Yes, his name will live in the numerous Christian temples, in the valuable institutions of learning, and in other moral and intellectual agencies which bear his name. His name will live in the hearts of hundreds of young men who have felt the spiritual power of his words when they were assuming the solemn obligations of the Christian ministry. His name will live in the memory of thousands who have been inspired into a new life under his powerful preaching of the glories of the cross of Christ. But more and better than in any and all of these, better than in granite or in brass, his name will live and live forever in the Lamb's Book of Life.

TAKE BACK THE FLAGS.

This poem was written in honor of Governor Foraker, of Ohio, who had the courage to publicly oppose the order of President Cleveland to return the

rebel flags captured during the late war. This opposition became so general throughout the country that the President recinded the order.

Joseph Benson Foraker has, during the past few years, attracted the attention and admiration of the whole country by his prompt action on public questions and his quickness to respond to public necessities. His wise course as chief executive of Ohio, his eloquent utterances on great occasions, his immediate action on receiving intelligence of the suffering from the Charleston earthquake in sending tents and supplies for the relief of the needy without delaying for any red-tape procedure, and his prompt and manly course in connection with the rebel flag order are well known.

Born July 5, 1846, on a farm near Rainsboro, Highland County, Ohio, his early life was spent at work in the fields like many another farmer's boy, his early education being acquired by study at odd moments and late at night, after the day's work was done.

The outbreak of the rebellion and the call for troops to defend the Union stirred his young blood, and in 1862, though but a lad, he enlisted as a private in Company A, Eighty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He served with his regiment in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas, participating in all the most important engagements in which the Army of the Cumberland took part. He was with General Sherman in the famous march to the sea, and through the Carolinas. For his gallant services he was rapidly promoted, and at the close of the war he held the rank of first lieutenant and brevet captain.

He also served as aide-de-camp on the staff of Major General H. W. Slocum, and his bravery under fire has received special notice from that gallant commander.

After the war was over young Foraker resumed his studies, attending the Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., and graduating from Cornell in 1869. During his college course he read law at odd hours, and was admitted to the bar in October, 1869. He then located in Cincinnati, and soon acquired a large practice, to which he gave his entire time until, in 1879, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Cincinnati.

On account of his temporary illness he resigned the position in 1882. In 1883 he was nominated by acclamation as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, but he and his party were both defeated that year. Two years later he was again the candidate for Governor, and was elected by 17,000 plurality over Governor Hoadly, who had been his successful opponent in 1883. In 1887 Governor Foraker was renominated by acclamation, and after one of the most spirited campaigns ever known in Ohio, was re-elected by a greatly increased majority, defeating his opponent by about 25,000 plurality.

Foraker was one of the leading men at the Republican National Convention in 1884, being one of the four delegates at large from Ohio, and placed Senator John Sherman in nomination for the Presidency in one of the most notable speeches made in that distinguished body. He has always taken an active interest in social, religious, and educational progress, is one of the trustees of Cornell University, a member of the M. E. Church, and a leading spirit in

the advanced movements for social and moral improvement. He is noted for his domestic tastes and inclinations, spending all the time not occupied in public duties with his wife, who was Miss Julia Bundy, daughter of ex-Congressman H. S. Bundy, of Ohio, and his four children.

He was a conspicuous figure in the recent Chicago Convention and held the Ohio delegation solid for Hon. John Sherman as President, although his own name was mentioned very prominently for the same place.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Karl Otto von Bismarck, the youngest of six children, was born at Schönhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815. His parents were rich and of an ancient family. After his birth, Otto's father removed to Pomerania, and lived there till Otto was six years old. He afterwards went to the Berlin University where he remained eight years. He then went to the Frederick William Gymnasium. He learned French and English. His mother was accomplished, beautiful and had great mental endowments. She felt very proud of Otto's character, but his father took life very easy, and had no special notoriety. When Otto was sixteen he was confirmed at Berlin. He was quiet, formal and exacting, and had a great memory. He liked dogs and horses, and loved the dance. He was tall in stature and thin in flesh. He met John Lothrop

Motley at the University. Otto's next intention was to go to Heidelberg, but he decided to go to Göttingen. In 1835 he met Prince William, son of Frederick III. In 1837 he came to the Crown Office. In 1839 his mother died, and as he was very devoted to her, he felt very lonely and became reckless. Bismarck tried traveling and reading, but all of no avail. In 1845 his father died and he came into possession of the estate where he was born, and also secured some noble offices. He then lived there, and in July, 1847, he was married to Johanna von Puttkammer, to whom he was fondly attached. He went to Venice on his bridal tour where he met Frederick IV., with whom he conversed about German politics.

All along Bismarck fought against *Liberalism, Democracy and Jealousy.* In 1847 Frederick William IV. consented to a constitution of many reforms for the people. Here Bismarck came out openly for the first time against it, and against all liberalism. He was soon recognized as a leader, and was often elected to different conventions and parliaments. In 1848 the people were very much against the king, but as Bismarck was the boldest of the royalty, he was specially hated by the people but loved by the court.

In September, 1862, he went to Berlin and saw the Progress Party, which was opposed to him. Italy, at this time, being divided into small states, they all combined and then formed a union, except Venice. Bismarck favored Italy and France, and his object was to unite all parties against Austria and thus make Prussia the head. To do this he saw war was necessary.

When William I. came to the throne Prussia had an area of about twenty-four thousand square miles and consisted of eight provinces, two of which did not belong to the German Confederation. Northwest of Prussia were the two provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. Their united population was about one million. They belonged to Denmark, but this claim was not hereditary. They were under the rule of Frederick when he died. George, his successor, claimed them, to which he had no lawful right. Bismarck united with Austria in 1864 to secure these provinces. Prussia and Austria espoused the claims of Frederick of Denmark to the two provinces.

As Italy wanted Venice liberated, and there was some trouble about the Papal states, she got her forces ready. Then France claimed the Rhine as her boundary. The two provinces now belonged to Austria and Prussia. That one of them should be given to Austria surprised her very much, as heretofore she had not claimed it. But by his patriotic skill Bismarck strangely decided to pretend he was a friend to Austria, and then make a sudden attack upon Austria. He planned for Prussia to offer Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, sixty million dollars for the province which had been given to her.

Bismarck was often sent as an embassador to foreign countries; as to Vienna in 1853, to Paris in 1857, to St. Petersburg in 1859, and to France in 1862. In 1863 he was appointed Prime Minister of Prussia.

The German war began June 18, 1866. Bismarck at once began the consolidation of what came to be known as the North German Confederation, of which

he was appointed Chancellor 1867, and to his energy and skill, more than to any other man, is due the unity of the German Empire. The Prussians came down on the Austrians from the north, while the Italians attacked them on the south, and marched into Venice. The emperor of Austria left this city and transferred it to France, hoping she would return it after the war, but instead, France gave it to Italy. The battle of Sadowa lasted seven weeks, and as a result the Austrians were defeated, losing 100,000 men. This battle was fought July 3, 1866. The war was closed by a treaty, which provided that Austria was excluded from the German federation. Prussia claimed the sovereignty over what she had acquired. Thus, in forty days, Bismarck so enlarged Prussia that it now ranked as a first-class power. Prussia held both banks of the Rhine, so she could easily invade France. Naturally, France would feel jealous of the great power along her border, hence Napoleon declared war against Prussia in July, 1870.

Within a few days Bismarck was ready for the contest, and was supported by all the German States, except Austria. He was with the army which invaded France, and won many decisive battles, and was present at the capture of Napoleon, at the battle of Sedan, which began September 1, 1870. The French were surrounded and all were compelled to surrender. Bismarck, in company with King William, attended the siege of Paris, 1871. Peace was declared on conditions Bismarck demanded, viz: that Alsace and a part of Lorraine should be ceded to Germany, and the

fortress of Metz, France paying one billion dollars indemnity.

In 1871 Bismarck received the title of Prince, and became the Chancellor of the new empire. He is supposed by many to be the greatest living statesman. He is both shrewd and brave. *His empire first* is his great motto. As a speaker he is not eloquent, but bold and argumentative and impressive. In private life he is witty, genial and sparkling. He is a tall, severe-looking old man, having a heavy brow and a paternal smile and a voice deep-toned and husky. No prime minister has been more often opposed in the chief councils of his country than Bismarck, yet he goes right on in the main course of his administration, and he even compels his opponents to admit his power and influence.

Through his influence Germany has become one of the great powers among the nations of the earth, and many fear that when he dies the German Confederation may soon fall to pieces; but it is to be hoped it may continue a strong and unified nation.

Bismarck was greatly affected by the death of the emperor, with whom he had labored so long and so harmoniously for the promotion of the interests of the German Empire. In consequence of his death, Bismarck had some fears about the future of his country, yet he has had great faith in the integrity of the German people, that even after his death it will remain a united, strong and prosperous nation.

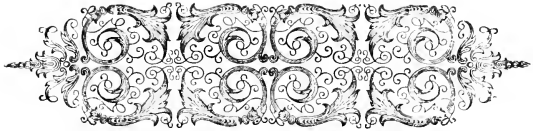
Emperor Frederick having died, William II. now reigns with the good faith and well wishes of all the nations of the earth.

FROM BOOKS TO A CROWN.

My wife's sister was attending school at Alliance, Ohio, during a Fall and Winter term. She was an intense student, yet frail in body. It was her custom to retire and read in her bed, and the last book to be read was the Bible. One morning she was found dead in her bed with the Bible open at these words: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." During the night the parents, who resided quite a distance, thought they heard her calling at the gate. The mother opened the door expecting to find her there. She will probably always think that was the moment when the soul of her child was leaving the world for the sweet rest of heaven.

I'VE NOTHING TO DO.

Dr. Thomas Guard, an eminent Methodist Episcopal minister, died in the city of Baltimore a few years ago. The last words which fell from his dying lips, and understood by his friends, were: "I've nothing to do." They were significant no doubt of the consciousness of life's work well done and a hopeful trustfulness in all the great future had in store for him.



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